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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. LEONARD WRAY.

MOMANCE OF MODERN HISTORY.

CHAPTER V.

The New Holy Alliance. other personages besides kings, princes, and

of whom it stands in need; nor is of his object, reconciles him to devont air of resignation.

and the man sought after! It is, thinks he, div thing to be in request. How bare, to laid the hearts of those who want his in a book; and what a heap of conhes he treasure up against the self-seekrious altogether that, not less than he is himself marketing his influence for

Verily this world of ours is sadly full of these

the entique arietocracy of the Faulourg St. man of deep humility and exem-Beyond the immediate circles of ing he was scarcely known; except, n those of the clergy, over which he d a singular amount of influence. But Faubourg, amongst the old dowagers ughters, married and unmarried, well known, so popular as he, or so admitted to their privacy! He wanted three or four years of fifty; was tall, and owned a magnificent leg, which, ous arrangement of his flowing d itself on all occasions, whether er sat, or stood. Then, what a ro-v ad! and what brilliant teeth! He too, which people attributed to ee; and no doubt they were right.

es, however, when he did not nd when that usually unpuckered brow trogated in a deep wrinkle between all gray eyes, and when those thin as coral, became blanched and suded, and the brilliant teeth firm-The Abbe did not look benevolent then, lay. It was the virtue he cultivated-the

omposity he brought into the market of so-He lived on the second floor of a quiet-

per only child, and the good old posed the Abbe. ed to the dignity of Abbe, and | Louis Napoleon." schial charge in the Faubourg

"Much obliged, my dear Abbe. They are still from home, and write for you to join them in the country."

"Monsieur le Duc knows that I should be"

"Monsieur le Duc knows that I should be"

"Much obliged, my dear Abbe. They are studently to stop, and almost immediately and situation of the Abbe to the new com."

"The manner of the Abbe to the new com."

VOL. VIII.

enchanted to wait upon the ladies; but my du-ties in Paris render it impossible." "We must carry you off by force, Abbe," responds the Duke. "You are in great request amongst us—as, indeed, amongst all who cojoy the privilege of knowing you."

The Abbe smiles, bows, and says that the Dake "is by far too flattering." "We must converse about this," resumes the half courts, have courtiers, and com-ball courts, have courtiers, and com-banage. The world is wonderfully civil the Cemte de Chambord."

"I rejoice to hear it," replies the Abbe, but based whom it statutes fawning, and without much appearance of enthusiasm.

The horizon is brightening, Abbe. We

in his lattering, that the de-cal intriguer who is seeking to secure au may yet live to see our Henri occupying the dreafer, far, in such cases, than the de-the is practicing upon the world, is that "Events are in the hands of Providence," cheats himself. Success, alone, Monseigneur Due," observes the Abbe, with a

meral swiedle; and so the world bow to as he struts abroad in his poscock's feathbe cares little to know he is in reality only l'Abbe," remarks the Duke, significantly. "Providence helps those who help themselves."
"No doubt, no doubt," responds the other,

with provoking indifference. The Duke de Castelnandri was evidently a low he chuckles as he reads their mo- little mortified by the Abbe's want of enthusiasm, but suppressed his feelings. As the secret leader of the Legitimist party, anxious to secure the support of the priesthead in the imminent political crisis impending, it would have ash end, and that they who buy have set | been bad policy to permit the Abbe to perceive the importance that was attached to his co-operation, and the extent of disappointment which his coolness occasioned. On the other hand, the Abbe was quite aware of his visiter's private feelings and object, but, for certain weighty reasons of his own, observed a strictly neutral course, making up his countenance to

suit the occasion. "I should also inform you, my dear Abbe." sumed the Duke, growing more and more amiable, "that I have received the most encouraging news from my son. He has seen the Holy Father, and you are first in his estima-

"I am highly flattered by the condescension of the Holy Father," answered the Abbe, smi-

"But this is not all, Abbo"—and the Duke here sank his voice—"I have made interest there, and in other quarters, and am positively assured that a mitre is in store for you. The Holy Father and the Conclave are, as you well know, anxiously looking forward to the re-establishment of the dynasty of the elder branch, men on whose behalf I have been authorized to ly? promise the largest privileges to the Church, if

she will only aid the good cause."
"If the Church confer further honors and dignities on me," responded the Abbe, meekly, shall receive them gratefully, and endeavor he had risen to his present eminence through to wear them with becoming hamility. I fear, however, that our Holy Father and the Conclave will have enough to do to make head against the turbulent spirits in Italy, to give much of their attention to the affairs of France. oking house, in the Rue du Cherche-Midi, in The Holy See isself is in danger; and when presses." uite seanty in respect of furniture, one's own house is in flames, one may be parlearned man, and an authority. on fire. Nor do I clearly understand, Monquoted him, and some of his dogsiegneur Dae, in what manner the Church can
fortunate for the Church." recognised guides to aid the cause of Henri Cinq.

sonly resident domestic was north, named Sister Bertha, whom the neighborhood pronounced as the neighborhood pronounced as young and too handsome to ress. If the votes go in favor of Cavaignac, the youthful Albe. But, on the Republic will assuredly be consolidated under pd, she was rowed to the Church, and a firm hand, and an honest and able chief. This would seriously impede our advance and therefore it must not be, if we Legitimists can Abbo had been thrown, when yet a prevent it. Ledru-Rollin, Raspail, Lamartine, o the constant society of a celebrated and Changarnier, have not a party strong of the Church, who resided in one of enough to carry either of them. The struggle will be between Cavaignac, and the nephew of that-of that-that Corsican brig-Bourbons "-

"And for the good of the country." inter-"Well, yes, I will not deny that he did some

good. But you speak almost like a partisan, "Of the truth, Monseigneur Duke," respond-

ed the Abbe. "A la bonne heure, my dear Abbo. I have inducted into a small curacy. no objection to the truth, and I repeat, he did some good, but not more than our legitimate of the diocese, who finding the point, however, let me observe, that we must pliant and apt, and peculiarly not have Cavaignac, and therefore we Legitimists, who intend to vote, will give our votes to

nephew of the Corsican brigand and traitor ?" "Yes; and listen wherefore. He is an ambitious, headstrong, inexperienced imbecile, who be expelled, and, in the confusion, we may, by

placidly folding his hands. "Ours, my dear Abbe. Our party's; and it has the sanction of the King. See, here is his

book, and spread it out on the table before the "And how are the clergy to promote this day?"

enterprise, Monsieur le Duc?" inquired he-an enterprise, the success of which is founded on the anticipation of more calamities, more troachery? It seems to me that the better go beyond. Bind me not, I hold myself pledgcourse would be for the Legitimiets not to vote

"Ab, you do not see the danger, my dear "V Abba. Our object is to swell the votes of the us?" Corsican's nephew, so as to help give him the majority absolute over Cavaignae; and the whole of our influence must be thrown into this channel. It is the only way to prevent the remains of a fowl, a salad, and have shown you-for our own cause, in voting The Abbe is sipping his coffee, for Louis Napoleon. It may, as you justly obat the same table, and about to put motion; and it may, perhaps, be, to some exsoldiers who have a vote, and will give it to me
to her own cup. In the act she distent, treachery to vote at all. But, my dear for the sake of the old army. But again, I say, Abbe, remember that our cause is that of Led. in our estimation, look marvel- gitimacy; it is that of the divine right; it has etter if the fourth finger were adorned been blessed and consecrated by the Church, plain gold ring. The Abbe evidently and the welfare of the Church is bound up in and he and Sister Bertha are con- its success. She has, over and over again,

"When those means are worthy," observed the Abbe; "and in this instance, perhaps, they

breast, mutters something to and success is certain. Do you comprehend?"

Bertha does the same. This "Perfectly," replied the Abbe, who had, in-

salutation of the Prince with equal humility, but with more cordiality, and, from the mode in which he responded to it, there was evident y existing between them some common bond of union which each appreciated.

"Well, my dear Abbe, you have heard the

news, of course?" "I am not aware of any"-

"Here, then, read, read;" hastily interrupted the Prince, thrusting into the Abbe's hand a letter bearing a foreign post-mark.

The Abbe opened and read it; he turned pale, and the paper fell from his hand.

"Gracious Heaven! And is it so!" ejacula-

"Chut! chut! Abbe! Walls have ears, and just now it is as well this piece of news should not be bruited. The same courier that brought the Government despatches, also brought me this letter from my cousin. I fear the Holy Father is in much danger. It is fortunate the conspiracy was discovered in time, but, you see, it embraces nothing short of the total overthrow of the Holy See, and the establishmen of an Italian Republic on its ruins."

"The malediction of Heaven will rest on the

heads of those who engage in it," exclaimed the Abbe, with emphasis, and with one of his dark frowns.

"Mazzini is a desperate man," resumed the Prince, "and sincere in his republicanism, I believe. But he has not the proper materials to deal with. The greatest danger to the Holy See, however, is from Austria, who must not be permitted by France to claim or to extend a protectorate over the States of the Church But what news have you from your brethren of the College? This interests me most at pres-

"They are greatly divided respecting affairs here," replied the Abbe. "A strong party in-clines to aid the Legitimists, in the hope that they will promote the interests of the Church. should their party succeed to power."

"Bah!" ejaculated the Prince. "Trust a

"To the Republic-that is, to the Republic under its present rulers—they are adverse, to a man. The Church has suffered too much al ready at the hands of desperate adventurers like these, to place any confidence in their principles. With much show of giving the clergy power, they in reality curtail and clog the little they already possess.'

"But what course do your directors recom-mend at the present crisis? Something, sure "It is left to me to decide," replied the

Abbe! "We have hitherto stood aloof from political parties, but the time for action ap pears to me to have arrived. Semething mus be done, as you say." "Have you reflected on my proposal of the

"Well, and maturely considered its conce quences, if accepted." "What is your decision, Abbe? Time

"That if the clergy support your candida

"You doubt my word, then, Abbe ?" "Not your word, Prince, nor your ability. "I have thought of all Abbe and am no

doubtful. Let me but attain absolute authority, and I will yet show the world what I can do. But I must have assistance, and never wanted it more than now." "Your authority will not be absolute, Prince even though you attain to the Presidency."

made a close confident of you, and have not l often and often again repeated to you the long day-dream of my checquered life? I have a destiny to accomplish, and may not hold back."

end in discomfiture-in death." "Or in the securing of the glorious legacy which the great Napoleon bequeathed to his for; worth risking much for; worth daring everything for. It requires caution and bold ness candor and reserve! But something must be done to startle Europe with, and to make operation of the clergy?"

"The Church must have guarantees, that

turn," responded the Abbe. "Those she makes, cannot she also make?" asked the Prince. "Does not her influence-or that, rather, of the mysterious extend over the length and breadth of the land? Is it not, at the courts of Europe, the directing power, felt, but unseen? Is it not weave them in with our less fairy bygones.

can require, she already possesses in the conof the Government of France, if you attain to power, I on behalf of the Church, containing the stipulations for mutual benefit, which formed the subject of our interview the other

"And what end will that serve? It will oind neither, and will therefore be useless. ed to grant the Church all the privileges you stipulated for, and may go far beyond." "What are your chances, independently of

hear encouraging news from the Provinces. My name is doing wonders for me. The very sounds, Vive Napoleon, have a fascination, it seems, in some districts, which draws the in-

by your own merit, have achieved a position

THE NATIONAL ERA

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1854.

venturer, which was to result in changing the trammels, with the memory of freer days, entire order of things in France. entire order of things in France. For the National Era.

TO MINNIE MYRTLE, ON READING "IS SHE HAPPY?"

Thou, whose nom de plume, so graceful, Throws a "myrtle" wreath around thee Thou, whose pen of inspiration With a rainbow light hath crowned thec-Thou, whose deep and carnest feeling

To thy follow-men hath bound thee Pray, who art thou, Minnie Myrtle, From thy heart of hearts outspeaking? Pouring forth the pent-up torrent, In whose swell thy heart was breaking; Calming now the surging billows, In whose wrath thy soul was quaking

Thou hast been baptized in serrow-Was it for another's weeping? For the crushed and broken-hearted-For the eye of justice sleeping? Sits thy pity through the midnight, Love-enkindled watchures keeping

Thread by thread thy life-web rendeth; Hidden grief, thrice-poisoned arrows. Through and through thy being sendeth; Drop by drop, woe's bitter goblet, In thy daily love-fount blendeth. Or, perchance, in fearful conflict.

Mayhap, silent, sharp-toothed anguish,

Self with potent self contending, This to vanquish, that to strengthen, Energies sublime are spending-Glad spectators of the struggle, Angel hands their aid are lending.

Or the throng of fellow-pilgrims Travelling from thy childhood near thee, Never fathomed thy emotions-Loving, they may dread or fear thee; And thy life of life is pining For companionship to cheer thee.

Sympathy-distracted, way-worn,

Thy o'erladen soul is pining For true fellowship of being-Heart on kindred heart reclining-Rest in well-appointed labor, Thought with fellow-thought entwining.

Or the stern Destroyer's footsteps, On thy happiest moments stealing May have snatched thy dearest jowel, May have crushed thy fondest feeling, And thy cherished hopes lie buried, 'Neath the sod where thou art kneeling

Thou hast sorrowed, Minnie Myrtle, For thyself or those around thee; And the chastisement, so painful. To a higher life hath bound thee! Mayhap He-the Heavenly Healer-In thy utmost nood hath found thee.

Waken one sad memory sleeping. Grief is sacred, though it harrow Deep the soul its wand is sweeping It shall yield a glorious harvest To the world the fruit is reaping

Fame hath reared to woman's glory-Wept upon the costly offering, With affection's life-tide gory ! Thou hast read the tale so heartless In thy own unwritten story.

'Driven forth " from home's endearment "Driven forth" to find her pleasure In the depth of thought and feeling : Depth no mortal here may measure

Scattering, all along the pathway, Wealth, that whose will may gath

Ah! this world bath many a martyr Laurel-crowned, a double token, Wrestling in perpetual patience. With a sorrow all unspoken : While the crushed and conquering spirit Smiles upon its idols broken

For the National Era RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GRANDFATHER'S HOME

A Leaf from the Woodland.

thread of our sober Recollections by so called love stories; but somehow we linger fondly James R-, one of my grandfather's whilem

them? Guarantees! The only guarantee she summer guests. Who does not cherish one can require, she already possesses in the consuch overshadowed life amongst his heart's sciousness of her own power, to make and to treasures? He came to us the summer after joyous; sorrow, ere long, checked his gladness also. Alas! not, like E—s, the grief of a day, but a life-long bitter eup. Why should that draught have been thine, thou dear friend of my childhood !- so greatly gifted, so widely sought, so fondly loved! We missed thee in the old farm-house. In morning adorations, thy name went up with trembling accents, was tenderly mentioned round the rustic board, had firmly determined never to marry for eyes. And even now, after so many forgetful

my sheet as I tell thy story with homely truth-fulness. retired merchant and large landed proprietor, just out of the town of C—; who, indeed, owned a greater part of the suburban village, of mercantile life. True to the cherished pre-What I seek is to secure it. I have closely studied the history of my country, and have found that Governments have failed for want of the cordial support of the cordial support of the clergy; wherefore I seek their aid, and not simply to raise me into of the cordial support of the clergy; wherefore I seek their aid, and not simply to raise me into power, but to enable me to maintain myself in it. Let them aid me, I will not prove ungratoful. You, Abbe, the son of an old Imperialist. Where I seek their aid, and not simply to raise me into universally esteemed; his purse never closed to calls of public charity, his name stood high in public favor. Yes, a most unexceptionable man was Mr. R.—, deemed fit to sit with the hon-control of the land. There was no block to sit with the hon-control of the land. There was no block to land the land and promises of speedy meeting. Oh, these were happy evening walks, from which the officious Molly was not always excluded.

How many a friendship, aye, and how many a friendship, aye, and how many a friendship, aye, and how many a friendship aye. Takes of the local many and grossing big many be sent to them, which they will obley, and secoses in special in D. by a comprehend of the break material beyone the proposed in the local secoses, when the abbes and secoses in special in D. by a comprehend of the break many that the proposed in the local secoses in the proposed in the local secoses in the proposed in the local secoses, when the abbes and the proposed in the local secoses in the proposed in the local secoses in the proposed in the local secoses, when the behavior of the proposed in the local secoses in the proposed in the local secones in the proposed in the proposed in the local secones in the proposed in the local secones in the proposed in the proposed in the local secones in the proposed in the local secones in the proposed in the proposed in the local secones in the proposed in the p

sigh, yield up for those seeming advantages after which he had toiled long and well. He had great wealth; his name stood high on " his villa was the most elegant in the suburbs of C—; there he lived in elegant lessore, his broad acres stretching to the horizon. Fireside comferts, in-door luxuries, pomp, and ready servitors, were all his. The strug-

gling world looked on admired, and envied, but searce marked how changed he was from the R—— of less burdened years. the R— of less burdened years.

The air of generous hopefulness, that gave dignity to his early manhood, had deepened into that of determined method. The once open frankness of conscious independence had made way for the anxious forethought of over-bordened wealth. Crows-feet come too soon, ard hard, deep lines round the mouth, had by ken up the once-pleasant mobility of fea-title. Maxims of worldly prudence had quench-of the warm glow of sentiment, and with it the soul-light of his eye. Was he a happier men than when, having paid the last farthing of his debt to his Alma Mater, he started, pen-

ni oss, to battle with the world?

He loved his child—aye, loved him next to
hi idol. Once he had toiled for means to at aken his childish gratitude. Now, he lavis ed on him all that wealth could gain. But, we use he had gone on, step by step, to riches at d power, there had also grown up in his he art, by the same slow and steady progress, a de ermined will, subservient to his own selfish

No, I cannot, I will not!? Then a flush of indecision mantled her brow; and love at last gained the mastery.

Well—James R—— did wed the penniless Was he a happier father than wl on, in his boy's juvenile career, he saw him, a harity scholar, assert the strong supremacy of intellect over the puny prerogatives of the pa apered sons of fortune? God only knew the man's heart. By his fruits we judge him. It had long been a characteristic scheme with Mr. R—to swell still farther his sen's home. But the clouds, which had come from the woodland haunt, lowered at last. His first-round the corner of the woodland haunt, lowered at last. daughter of a wealthy physician, in the town of C—, who was an old college-mate and away. A crisis in the commercial world crony of his, and by ne means avorse to so cligible a son-in-law. The fathers had discussed the matter so often, over their after dinner like beautiful Mary drooped under her manicups, that they came, at length, to view it as fold trials; and the proud-spirited son was storm! But, wait-there it is again. Stir up uite settled. Imagine the astonishment, then, of Mr. R-, when, on incidentally mentioning the plan to his son James, one day, instead of a ready acquiescence, it met with a plump rejection! In vain the father coaxed, threated, and scolded—the son was implacable.

the figher rich enough, but he didn't want her. and wouldn't marry her. O, the blindness of that arrant knave, Cupid! O, the perverseness ess, for the homely charms of poor old Molly White's grand-daughter! "A young man of strange freaks—he'll come over right by and by, surely—l'Il keep an eye on him; though," muttered Mr. R—, as his son walked doggedly out of the room. And, very truly, he did keep an eye on him; for no want had brought out all the latent energies or inche and weath, at the hands of lamp, then puts his ear to the crevice; for he had half imagined that he heard a human voice above the wail of the storm. Ah, there was no mistake—here it is again, right at the list ener's feet, too. Mr. R—— does not hesitate or inche and weath, at the hands of lamp, then puts his ear to the crevice; for he had half imagined that he heard a human voice above the wail of the storm. Ah, there was no mistake—here it is again, right at the list ener's feet, too. Mr. R—— does not hesitate

whitewashed cottage, where dwelt dame

The camsel was well enough, to be sure, and

White, with her rosy-checked, curly-headed with, to summer with my grandfather. Peor James was a little forlorn and restless of first : but he was a sensible fellow, and soon enme to the conclusion that Molly pro ty-a sort of painted doll, about whom twas hardly worth while to break his heart, or brave his father's anger; so the little dam-

a beautiful girl. Beauty is a priceless gift to woman. Its immunities are manifold. We pass lightly over the foolish jest and silly repartee, not its highest claim, but the light that glows in soul-lit eyes, and the flush of feeling that stand motionless, gazing upon the polished perbut the heart beats faster. and the pulse throbs before the warm glow and did-looking girl, of a poor witling, who had beautiful," was the reply; "you are very beau-tiful. Your skin is white and polished like ivory; your brown eyes look full of dreams; your bearing is proud and elegant; you are altogether beautiful and cold as a statue—and I'd as soon wed one. The lingering waifs of man. Let not your wealth and intellect run

to waste. These well cared for, who shall measure your power!
Meanwhile Mr. R- chuckled over his prudent forethought, and cherished, hopefully as ever, his favorite plan. He scarce bethought him that every valley, every woodland,

in the country, are haunted by young, gay, and laughing creatures.
With their hearts sunshine in their features.
Their sorcery the light—which dances.
When the reised lid unveils its glances."

The most dangerous of all sprites to the generous, true heart of James R-, who despised house; all meretricious show, loved true worth, and needy!

flower-hunting with her in the woodland, where the same artful Molly was sure James R— would meet her favorite. Impute no want of guile to childhood, nor match-making wholly to managing mammas, when such a wordland there are described ware threads waved on her pale brow. Her fingers were thin and blue, it is of tears sparkling on his fringed lids.

Time and care and sorrow had robbed her day as be turned, for the last time that night, from gazing at the fac-simile of his discarded son, as he only known the note words— words— wholly to managing mammas, when such a pale brow. Her fingers were thin and blue, of the last time that night, from gazing at the fac-simile of his discarded son, as he lay asleep on the sofa, with two little teeth peeping out from his half-closed lips, and wee bits of tears sparkling on his fringed lids.

And, meath the frank exterior of juvenile years! struggling poverty and sorrow. Yet there were as she kissed the last shadow of a tear away, well, Molly's wicked manoeuvre secceeded still left traces of the old Mary—in the ear- and took her last good-night look at the little habitants to the registration offices in thousands. There are large numbers, too, of old
soldiers who have a vote, and will give it to me

soldiers who have a vote, and will give it to me

went, Mony's watered manuative ecceeded state traces of the old Mary—in the earand took ner last good-night look at the little
to a charm. The beautiful orphan's artlessnest depths of her dark eyes, now so very
sleeper. Ah, what clouds hung over the sleeplarge, and that look of saddened resignation
so beautiful in the homeless orphan, and far
on the morrow!

> was Mr. R.—, deemed fit to sit with the honorable of the land. There was no blot on his
> escutcheon, no blemish on his fair name. So
> said that arbiter of worldly weal, public opinsaid to his the the never told; but he has written it down
> said that the never told; but he has written it down
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> said that the never told; but he has written it down
> said that the never told; but he has written it down
> said that the never told; but he has wri a mess year, how many a shady tree—could his bedshid. Her gentle assiduities rallied once more the vital sparsed tongue. Mary sprang to his bedshid. Her gentle assiduities rallied once more the vital sparse, and calling for his boy, the father laid his thin hand upon his baby lay dying all that was left of the one beautiful there is a haunted dell, or a babbling brook, on whise banks the ghosts of memory flit. We may hover years in stifled drawing-rooms, and naver meet a kindred spirit; no little, and control of the song of our woodland haunt." The glauces into the futere, and doubtful hopes for the vital sparse, and restricted tongue. Mary sprang to his bedshid. Her gentle assiduities rallied once more quick, or she'll be gone. "Come quick, or she'll be gone."
>
> True it was, that in a narrow, comfortless, the last sparse; the leaf, or tiny petal, whisper its tale—would the bedshid. Her gentle assiduities rallied once more the vital sparse; the father laid his thin hand upon his baby head, and sent up one agonized petition to the orphan's friend: then, turning to Mary, he faltered out—"That little song once more, and naver meet a kindred spirit; no little, was not a miser's passion for hoarding up

"Much obliged, my deer Abbe. They are ill from home, and write for you to join them the country."

"Much obliged, my deer Abbe. They are ill from home, and write for you to join them the country."

"Much obliged, my deer Abbe. They are ill from home, and write for you to join them the country."

"Monsieur le Due knows that I should be meaning of the Abbe to the new comer of the childhood of virtuous porenty; to withdraw the childhood of virtuous po tranmels, with the memory of freer days.
Such gifts of comfortable obscurity did Mr.
R—, not without now and then a regretful sigh, yield up for these seeming advantages was its power over the beautiful Mary R. But, all at once, she drooped, like a blighted

lily. I often found her in tears, at the old haunt. "What is the matter, Mary, dear?" I would ask, twining my arms around her neck, but she only wept the more. What true woman will not keep her own grief, till her heart is full to breaking!

heart is full to breaking!

At length, one day, overcome by my importunity, or perhaps drawn out by the unselfish nature of childish years, she told me all.

Mr. R. had found how matters stood, and had forbidden his son, under pain of disinheritance, to marry the penniless orphan! Shortsighted man? She was rich in beauty, and, far better, in the unbought wealth of heart and mind. Was she, then, portionless? For our-self, we would pray, with Agur, Give us neither poverty nor riches; not poverty, lest in our want we forget the lessons we lisped on our mother's knee; and not wealth, lest, Midas-

James, "I have a strong arm, and with you, what care I for wealth? Will you take me, poor but stout-hearted as I am?"

"How generous, how noble," she sobbed "But can I, ought I, accept such a sacrifice! No, I cannot, I will not!" Then a flush of inde-

orphan, was disinherited by his proud, deter-mined father, and went to the city of A-, seventy miles away, without a penny, but strong in hope and love. Providence favored him, and he obtained a responsible situation in a large mercantile house. For a year or fain, at last, to appeal to his unnatural parent. | the fire, Luey; we surely cannot turn him

'Twas on a bitter-cold midwinter night that adrift again, whoever he ba." James R- stood, thinly clad, shivering at Mr. Rhis father's door. That door was rudely shut unbolt the hall door-slowly at first, and with against him, and he turned, death-stamped, a beggar from his old home! A fever, brought No answer, save the voice of the storm! Now on by the excitement and exposure of that night, left him in a decline, in which he lingered a year, being meanwhile almost entirely the flickering lamp with his left hand. There's dependent upon the exertions of his frail wife, certainly no one there. The sleet comes dri-who devoted every moment she could spare ving into his face, and through it he can disof James R—, to puss by the manifold attractions of a beautiful, proud, keartless heirfrom him and her infant child, to her needle. And Mary was right, when she accepted the sacrifice of home and wealth, at the hands of firmly with his left hand, sets down his lamp.

dependent child, become the no less gentle, noble, self-sacrificing woman. How deathless, how forgetful of self, is the love of a true woman, like Mary R——! No fatigue over
woman, like Mary R——! No fatigue over
piteous walls. He lifts up the little bundle, comes her; no misery appals her, in her grateful labors. She never wearies of watching, stone, never tires of waiting. She shrinks not from arms. death. She hides unbidden tears, and chokes power? And, oh, let no true-hearted woman, power? And, oh, let no true-hearted woman, divesting the sobbing child of the manifold in-who feels in her soul the earnest of a better teguments in which it was wrapped like an being, yield up her untold power for good, to a Egyptian mummy. A thick shawl, a flannel may flit awhile in the sunshine, and be gone; but the few days of glitter and pageant leave peared, with thin flaxen curls straggling out ourge! "Features set in fairest mould" are a cramped heart dark and desolate! Regard- from its little worsted cap, and the tiniest of less of self, unseeking for praise, unlooking for little hands, done up in the timest of mittens. gratitude, I will do what I can for the world's Mr. R-, who had been watching proceedgood; if sorrow comes not to me, I will seek it, and relieve it, and may Heaven help me, should and relieve it, and may Heaven help me, should be the resolve of a noble woman, upon the bely—and actually trembled when the child ginning of her world's experience. Many such stretched out its little mittened hands to him, women there are; some, like Mary R-, lisping, in half sobs, "Take baby, papa." But made so by sorrow; but ah, how many, how when the little cap was withdrawn, and the

gladdened eye, upon the heart's neglected re-

ion of story-telling. In an obscure tenement, in the suburbs of four o'clock, yet the streets were aiready lighted, for it was cold, dark, and gloomy. Not a sunbeam had gladdened that death-room the with his great hazel eyes into his grandfather's whole day long. Gray masses of clouds were face, in infantile wonderment a moment, then tossing about the sky, the wind whistled round clapped two plump, dimpled hands on his the corners of the streets, and now and then an ominous snow-fiske melted upon the window pane. Oh! 'twas a dreary night that followed. Rich men's children clustered round their pleasant home firesides, while their fa-fither's heart—too late, to be sure, but the poor thers wrapped their well-furred cloaks about man knew it not. them, and hurried on before the blast. But God save the poer on such a night, who shiver flaxen curls, till the infant looked up again, over their dying embers, or shake, in hunger with that same troubled expression, in its and rags, before the rieb man's door. Ob, there's grandfather's face! How the pale woman

years, there is a dewiness that half shuts out my sheet as I tell thy story with homely truthfulness.

"Lead us not into temptation," says the cost of backs. How utterly regardless of that holy injunction was Molly, when she coaxed Mary her lap. She was but a wreck of the beautifulness.

"Lead us not into temptation," says the cost of the whole with toiled for bread, over the sleeping infant in her lap. She was but a wreck of the beautifulness.

The pretty or phan school-mistress, to go ful Mary R—— of the woodland haunt. anon on his wife, who, "weary and worn,"

> follow me," said he. "And oh, when I die, car- probably," thought, he, as he patted the head down on his pure brow. And he dreamedry our child to my father. He could not spurn of his impatient nag, and awaited the land- what he never told; but he has written it down

Oh! it is a pitiless December night; there is as Le kneit by the bedyide of the dying want of mercy in the sharp sleet that comes, pat, pat, against the window panes, while the blast me, or I cannot die in pence!" whistles shrilly through every crack and cran- But the woman heard him not. Her glazed

eye was upturned towards heaven; her thin "A sorry night this, for poor wayfarers," at fingers essayed to pass once more through length remarks Mr. R—— to his pale wife in the flaxen curls, but the grasp of death was the corner. A tear starts to her eye; and the on them. The loving child laid its little rebuked man drops his head on his breast, and hands on her clammy checks, pressed its own rubs his hands most vigorously. His mind is ill at ease. That silent tear barbed afresh the word of recognition, came from the heart-broarrow rankling in his heart. Their thoughts ken mother! were alike with their cast-off child, perchance that moment a weather-beaten wayfarer. Never, since James R—— had been thrust from the threshold of his childhood's home by his

Not many years since, while driving though own father, bad his name been mentioned in the town of C-, I noticed, coming slowly that father's presence. Oh! a wretched heart down the street, a very infirm, white-haired old was Mr. R——'s—more wretched even than that of the pale woman in the corner, as he sat there, crouching over the dying embers, ence of the former, with the careful solicitude and dared not again meet the silent rebuke of of the latter, made themsaltogether quite a no a tear!

The room began to grow chilly, and the cmbers few, so that Mr. R— was fain, at last, to make ready for the night. He drow the coals, one by one, into a little heap, and then went on to cover them with ashee, pausing begrandson. Indeed, the old man has never been tween each shovelful, to listen to the howling quite himself since the death of that son of his of the storm without. "Dreadful-dreadful! he muttered, as the last coal disappearedstart of his wife, her involuntary exclamation. and the flush on her cheek. Poor woman! for five long years that name had never passed those lips, uncoupled with imprecations; and the son of my early friend, and pondering over now to hear it uttered gently, had well nigh the strange vice-situdes that had befallen many unmanued her. How she longed to plead once more, from a mother's full heart!—but the hayings. recollection of past brutal repulses crushed the first germ of hope, and she sank back into her

The wind kept howling louder and louder round the corner of the house; the sleet kept pattering harder and harder against the win dow panes. "Hark!" exclaims Mr. Runhoused, at this time of night, in such a seized the lamp, and proceeded to already half covered with sleet, from the cold

The spiritless and pale woman was at once wide awake. A blazing wood fire soon diffused warmth and cheeriness over the room again "Poor little thing, how came it there?"
"Whom can it belong to !" and a score of other never waiting for an answer, as she kept on off before anything like a year-old baby apvery many, when they that look out of the thin flaxen curls fell down over a high, snow-windows are darkened, turn, with no inner white brow, an unmistakable likeness smote thin flaxen curls fell down over a high, snowthe father's beart.

fant, "that is James's child. Don't you see his brow, his eyes, his hair, his whole faced?" Then, clasping the child in his arms, he C-, James R- was dying. 'Twas only groaned, only as a heart steeped in agony can

with his great hazel eyes into his grandfather's

How the tears now ran down and wet the

house; and why withhold it from the poor and | much for her feeble frame. The embers died away a second time, and dark, sad thoughts did not keep away this tin So thought James R,—, as his eyes wan-dered round his cheerless room, and rested conscience-stricken father and the overjoyed ing infant, clasping tenderly its little velvety hands, and stroking its thin curls. "To-mor-row," sighed, ominously perhaps, Mr. R——,

pain, short breath, and hollow cough. The down the street but the rheumatic, red-faced mon blanket for a pillow. And sleep, though landlord of the "Golden Cross," gestionlating unbidden, found him-found him, with no most vehemently to Mr. R—. "What can be the matter now?—a drunken frolic, most and the shades, and heaven's stars looking woman! he could not shut his door lord's approach. "Your daughter-in-law is under the veil of fiction, and in his notes; and

ticeable couple. "Do you know them?" I ask

Not many years since, while driving though

and his beautiful wife, whom he treated so un naturally. His own wife didn't survive the "Poor James"—then dropped his head on his shock long; and now he lives alone, with this breast again. He did not notice the quick grandson of his, who is a fine noble fellow, the very counterpart of his father-God bless him Here my friend dropped a tear, and we rode on in silence a while, I straining my eyes after

For the National Era. NIGHTS FOR DAYS. BY KARL GLOAMINS.

THE FIFTH. " Who eares for the farmer boy?" The snowy storm-birds of winter are all one. March winds and frosts have nearly brought on April showers, even among the cold mountains of Vermont. The sun, with each rising, is gradually croeping back to its ong deserted path in the North, and on many a favored knoll is warming into tearful smiles the wild flowers of a blighted year, hid and cherished till now by December snows. The summer birds have come back from far South ern bowers, and now begin to cheer our leafless woods with Eden music-squirrels dance out from their wild log dens, and chitter on the their perpetual, monotonous rapping, rapping the breezes breathe of supplier chire swell the faintly trickling rills to rushing tor-

rents; it thaws by day, and freezes by nightets; he has cooked his breakfast by the flaminat the day is now gone, and the twilight kiss ing its last "good-night" upon the pure white

so brightly green in the davlight, is now like glowing stars. The tall maples and becche wave dreamy by the smoke that curls among their ancient boughs; and the cat-like sawyer a shricking wail-and the farm boy from road or the very darkness closing round-som

poker with an expressive emphasis against the brands till a glittering wreath of sparks is formed high above-"better go out, than never

peaceful, happy life; you can be quite rich, in gladness enough and to spare, in many a wept, too. The gladness was well-nigh too birch and hardback sticks drew up his rude

aloud; "a hard life, a scrambling, selfish crowding, business life. There are more great

then there are certainly too many bad." Had

But One did care for him; One who ever eigns to care for the sad, the weary, and the proken-hearted; and He has so ordained it. most peacefully.

Exhausted with the day's toil, he leaned his head over against a broad stump, with a com-

What can watchers but the wild-swaying forest trees, from heaven, shall elecer him onward in his

toilsome yet heroic career of greatness? HARRY HIBBARD,-The Manchester (N. H.

esthood, had won for him the taking advantage of circumstances, perhaps Does it not remove ministers as well as make "And whose idea is this?" asked the Abbe. conce of his elevation to the Abbe, who perused it attentively, then took it the barricades of the Forbourg bloodshed, and systematic and deliberate